Sweet Forgiveness

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Sweet Forgiveness

by ishipthemsogoddamnhard

Summary

Post-fall with our now settled murder husbands. Hannibal flies off the handle when Freddie publishes yet another nasty article. Will tries to calm him down with disastrous results, and poor Hannibal is left to make it up to him in his own SWEET way.

Based on the Tumblr 'ridiculous sentence prompt':

"Fuck I feel like I got hit by a car...wait I did, and it was your car!"

Notes

This is just cracky nonsense - enjoy!

Will closed his laptop and rolled his head back, assessing his anger. “This bitch.” He sighed. Checking the time, he noted thankfully that Hannibal wouldn’t have seen it yet. He had just started taking patients again, his office now part of their home and using their new identities of course. Will reckoned he should still be with his last appointment of the evening just now, he was sure he hadn’t heard them leave yet.

Will already knew it was going to be bad.

He chewed his lip anxiously at the inevitable, drama-queen situation he was going to have to diffuse. Freddie Lounds had called Hannibal his ‘sugar daddy’. Not only that but she had referred to Will as a ‘gold-digging murder puppy’, and made allegations that Hannibal had ‘seduced’ both Chilton and Dolarhyde under similar circumstances, in order to manipulate them. These claims were, of course, backed untruthfully by Chilton. No doubt seeking more fame or publicity for his latest book. It was a shit show of a piece even for her, and must have been the sixth in a string of works on Tattle Crime trashing them both.

The first time, Will had to stop Hannibal from sending her a chunk of scalp he planned to take from a redhead. The fourth time, Will had confronted him over how exactly he had maps and addresses for her brother’s house. This time Hannibal was going to be impossible…

Obviously Will was just as pissed off, arguably he hated Freddie more than anyone, but they couldn’t draw any attention to their being alive. They had agreed to wait at least a year from the last time she wrote about them to call on her for dinner. That dinner was being constantly postponed by her continued obsession.

Will heard footsteps leading up from the office, and the front door open then close. He took a deep breath, assuming Hannibal would come into the kitchen where he sat, wondering whether to broach the subject or to just try and hide it from him forever. As if that could happen.

Two or three minutes passed. Just as Will was wondering where Hannibal had gone, he heard the floor creak from above him and things being bashed around. Feeling his stomach sinking even as he pointlessly hoped Hannibal was just moving furniture, Will headed upstairs to the unmistakable sound of a suitcase zip. Will rolled his eyes as he stood in the bedroom doorway.

“Hannibal, we talked about this.” Will said patiently, suppressing the urge to either laugh or shout.

“You’ve seen the offending post then?” Hannibal barely even looked up from packing. “We’re leaving tonight.” He announced as if that was that.

“No, we’re not.” Will snorted. “She’s barely hit ‘publish’ on an article slating us and you think NOBODY will be suspicious if she disappears within a day?”

“I am perfectly capable of making it seem like an unfortunate accident.” Hannibal said dismissively into the wardrobe. He seemed calm enough, but Will knew him well enough to

see that he was seething, losing his grip. Will stood resolutely between Hannibal and the open case, forcing him to meet his eye when he turned around.

“I’m serious, you can’t just be this reckless, you’re overreacting.”

Hannibal firmly but gently moved Will out of the way. Will’s jaw fell open, speechless with outrage, as he watched him put the last item in the bag and close it.

As Hannibal picked up the small case and walked out of the room, Will’s disbelief snapped him back to life.

“Fucking hell, Hannibal, are you kidding me? Jack isn’t that stupid!” Will said, running down the stairs behind him.

“Neither am I, Will. I thought you would have jumped at the chance to put an end to her.”

“I will! When we aren’t going to get caught for it!” Will was in front of Hannibal now, pacing backwards down the hall to try and get in his way.

“I’ll send you a piece of her back then, shall I?” Hannibal said as he ducked around him to open the front door and walked out. Will, in bare feet, made an exasperated noise as he hurried to find shoes.

“So much BULLSHIT, I’ll kill him my damn self...” Will grumbled under his breath as he put them on. Hearing the car start he panicked. Hannibal wasn’t really, truly going to do this was he? Will shot out the door and down the steps, stumbling across the gravel path onto the driveway...

The dull thud behind Hannibal's car drained his rage as fast as someone pulling the plug from a sink. He got out and ran round to see Will lying there, clearly alive, but furious.

“Will…” Hannibal started as he pulled him to his feet, frantically looking him over.

“Don’t.” Will said as he tore his arm from Hannibal’s grasp and limped back towards the house. “Not like you haven’t done worse to me, but you don’t learn do you?” He shouted as he faded from Hannibal’s view.

Hannibal let him go, his chest tight with guilt and panic. Trying to reassure himself that Will wasn’t injured badly, he retrieved his bag from the car and walked sadly into the house. All his fight had left him. He could tell by the light that the bedroom door was shut and went up to stand outside. Hannibal heard the clinking of a glass and the bathtub running in the en suite. He knocked gently.

“Go the fuck away, Hannibal. Just leave me alone if you know what’s good for you.”

Will groaned as consciousness spread through him. The sun was streaming in where he hadn’t thought to close the curtains and his head ached as much as his leg. He caught sight of the almost empty bottle of whiskey by the bed and his stomach lurched. One drink had turned

into two and the third one had washed down pain pills…after that he didn't know anything else. He forced himself to brush his teeth, if only to make his mouth feel less dry, and got gingerly back into bed.

"Will?" Hannibal asked tentatively through the door. "Please…"

Will sighed deeply as he remembered why he was alone in the bed. Fine, come in I guess"

Hannibal walked in with a tray containing a perfectly prepared breakfast for Will, and set it across his lap. "Dare I ask how you are, Will?" Hannibal said as he perched beside him, his face a picture of concern.

"Fuck. I feel like I got hit by a car… Oh wait I did, and it was *your* car." Will said sarcastically, as snarky as he always was on a hungover morning and then some. Hannibal looked crushed.

He grabbed Will's hand with one of his and brought it to his lips. "I am such a fool, Will, darling boy, I thought you were still indoors...can you forgive me?"

Will watched him kiss each one of his fingers and felt himself soften just a little. He knew it was just an accident and as stubbornly mad as he was, right now he just wanted comfort despite himself, for them to be together and safe.

"I made you something…" Will suddenly noticed Hannibal was bringing his other arm around at a weird angle, having had it hidden behind his back. When he saw what it was, he all but spat out his orange juice. Hannibal presented him with a perfectly true to life, from her curls to her purse, Freddie Lounds made from icing. It was like a twisted take on those things you put on wedding cakes and Will couldn't help but laugh. Hannibal positively beamed, his smile crinkling his eyes as handed little Freddie to Will to examine. I realised you were correct, it would indeed be safer to eat her here for now." He explained, suddenly a little shy about his silly gesture.

Will shook his head kindly. "You are so goddamn lucky I love you."

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